Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.
Rosa. Play Musique then: nay you must do it soone.
Not yet no daunce: thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Wil you not daunce? How come you thus estranged?
Ro. You tooke the moone at ful, but now shee's changed?
King. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.
Rosa. The musique playes, vouchsafe some motion to it,
Our eares vouchsafe it.
King. But your legges should do it.
Rosa. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
Weele not be nice, take handes, we will not daunce.
King. Why take we handes then?
Rosa. Onely to part friendes.
Curtsie sweete hartes, and so the Measure endes.
King. More measure of this measue be not nice.
Rosa. We can affoord no more at such a price.
King. Prise you your selues: What buyes your company?
Rosa. Your absence onely.
King. That can neuer be.
Rosa. Then cennot we be bought: and so adue.
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.
King. If you denie to daunce, lets holde more chat.
Rosa. In priuat then.
King. I am best pleasd with that.
Berow. White handed Mistres, one sweet word with thee.
Quee. Honie, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice,
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dosen sweetes.
Quee. Seuenth sweete adue, since you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
Ber. One word in secret.
Quee. Let it not be sweete.
Bero. Thou greeuest my gall.
Quee. Gall, bitter,
Bero. Therefore meete.
Duman. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Maria. Name it.

Duma.

Duma. Faire Ladie.
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord, take that for your faire Lady
Duma. Please it you, as much in priuat, & ile bid adieu.
Maria. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason (Lady) why you aske.
Mari. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long?
Long. You haue a double tongue within your Maske,
And would afforde my speachles vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie.
Mar. No, a faire Lorde Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word?
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Lon. Loke how you butt your selfe in these sharpe mocks,
Will you giue hornes chast Lady? do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe, before your hornes do grow.
Long. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you crie.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking Wenches are as keene
As is the Rasors edge inuisible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Aboue the sence of sence so sensible,
Seemeth their conference, their conceites haue winges,
Fleeter then Arrowes, bullets wind thought swifter thinges.
Rosa. Not one word more my Maides, break off, break off.
Bero. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.
King. Farewel mad Wenches, you haue simple wits. *Exe.*
Quee. Twentie adieus my frozen Muskouits.
Are these the breede of Wits so wondered at?
Boye. Tapers they are with your sweete breaths puft out.
Rosa. Wel-liking Wits they haue grosse grosse, fat fat.
Quee. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hange them selues to nyght?
Or euer but in vizards shew their faces.
This pert *Berowne* was out of countnance quite.
Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases,
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.